

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
W. M. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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NUMBER 34.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s Banking House. [Jan 24]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and all Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes attended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Judgments, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written, and all legal business promptly attended to. Pensions increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to at his office. [May 23]

DENTISTRY.
The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the practical experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.
SAMUEL BELLFORD, D. D. S.
References: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, Jr.; W. E. Hamdy; A. A. Blandy; P. H. Austen, of the Baltimore College.

Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week.
January 24, 1867.

LOYD & Co., Bankers—EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and other Securities bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made in all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted.
January 24, 1867.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—ALTOONA, PA.
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK
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DEES J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Dunn, Dealer in
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.
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Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink,
And other articles kept
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Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Office on Main Street, opposite the Mount Pleasant House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

S. SHARRETT'S DYSERT, House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging.
Work done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in basement of Main Hall, Ebensburg, Pa. [my 9-6m]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

COAL! COAL! COAL!
The subscriber is now carrying on the delivery of Wm. Tiley, Sr., at Lily Station, the Pennsylvania Railroad, Cambria county, and will be glad to fill all orders, to any amount, of citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Satisfaction as to quality of Coal guaranteed in all cases.
WM. TILEY, Jr.
Smock P. O., Jan. 24, 1867.

HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN?"

Little Pearl.

I was bitterly disappointed that morning, and there is no denying it—discontented with my home, my husband, even with my baby. I remember the morning well; it was gray and cloudy, with a low, dragging mist, that chilled one to the bone, and hung the trees with reeking moisture. The black mud, about the door of our western home, was thick and deep; and the bare floor of our one room was badly stained and soiled by the careless feet of the rough-shod workmen. I had been cleaning up all the morning, but the more I cleaned, the worse matters seemed to grow; soap and sand only served to render the black foot-marks more visible; and when a sudden puff of wind whirled the smoke and ashes down the pipe of my cooking-stove, covering the books and tables I had just taken so much pains in dusting off, I threw myself in the rocking chair, and burst into a passion of despairing tears.

We brought the rocking chair with us, Ned and I, when we left our cottage, on the outskirts of the city, and journeyed westward. It was a pretty cottage; my eyes fill with tears even now at the thought of it, with its low, breezy windows, through which the odor of roses floated the live-long summer; and its clean, well ordered rooms adorned with those charming, useless, little toys, that go so far toward making a home pleasant and attractive. It was my first home after marriage—and a woman always loves that home better than any other. We were happy, Ned and I; as cozy and comfortable as two robins in the heart of a summer apple tree. Ned was a clerk, but with a good salary, with some little additions flowing in now and then from other resources. And when our baby came, "Little Pearl," as we called her, our happiness was complete.

But after a while the new rapture began to cool; and as Little Pearl's blue eyes deepened and expanded, Ned began to cast about him in a sage and fatherly manner.

"We must do the best we can, for Little Pearl's sake, Bell."

That was the opening remark—a disclosure of his plans followed. "Westward the star of empire makes its way," Ned quoted, with telling emphasis, adding, "we must follow, Bell, and build up a name and home for Little Pearl!"

I assented—I always did—to Ned's plans; though, in my secret soul, I felt that the movement was a bad one. We sold our pretty cottage and furniture at a considerable sacrifice; Ned left his clerkship; and the November after Little Pearl's birth found us in our Western home.

Ned had urged me to bring out our servants; but in a fit of high-strung heroism, I determined to be maid-of-all-work myself.

Ned would have to sacrifice his ease and comfort—I would not be behind him. It was comparatively light in the beginning, when only Ned and myself were to provide for; but after a while the hired man came; and baby required more attention every day. The fall rains set in, converting the spongy soil into black, adhering mud. I worked late and early, but found it impossible to take care of my babe, and keep our rude home in anything like order. I bore up as long as I could; but at last my strength utterly failed, and sitting down in the rocking chair, I sobbed like a silly child. I thought of our old home, with its pretty, well ordered apartments; of the hours of pleasurable leisure and social enjoyment to which I had been accustomed; and then, with a fresh gush of tears, I looked out at the low, trailing mist, and around the small, outhouse room in which I was imprisoned.

It was wrong in Ned to bring me to such a place, against my will, too, I thought bitterly.

At that moment, I heard the voice of the sick hired man calling for water, and catching up the pitcher, I brushed away my tears and ran up to the rude loft where he lay. As I reached the bed, I saw by the sun that it was almost noon, and dinner was to cook for Ned and the hired man. Giving the invalid his water, I paused a moment to mix a draught of medicine, my thoughts full of the smoking stove, and the duties that awaited me below; just then, shrill and clear, came Little Pearl's cry. I threw down the dose I was mixing, exclaiming, almost angrily: "It's no use, I can't get along, no matter how hard I strive. What shall I do now? Oh, dear! I do wish I had no baby!"

My very fingers thrilled with terror the instant the unwomanly wish had passed my lips; and, clearing the steps at two or three bounds, I rushed to the corner where her crib stood, eager to clasp her to my bosom, and pour out my remorse in tears and kisses. I snatched aside the curtain. The crib was there. So was the snowy pillow, bearing the damp impression of her head; but Little Pearl was gone. For the instant, I stood dumb and almost senseless, then a swift thought came to my relief.

"Ned has stolen her to frighten me," I cried, and rushing out, I searched for him in vain.

The mist was thickening into rain. I

knew well enough that he was too careful of her to expose her in such a manner; yet I clung to the belief that he had taken her as I clung to my life. There were fresh foot-prints in the black mud about the door leading outward toward the wood lot, where Ned and the men were at work. I followed them, my head uncovered, un mindful of the chill wind and driving rain, plunging ankle-deep into the yielding soil at every step. About half way, I saw something in the path before me. It was a little crimson stocking. My heart leaped for joy. Ned had stolen her, and she had kicked it from her foot on the way. It was cruel in him to frighten me so. I wonder if he had heard that silly wish of mine!

Half a mile from the house, I met him and the men coming home to dinner. He started forward the moment he saw me.

"Why, Bell!" he said, "what's the matter? Is Little Pearl sick?"

One glance at his white, startled face convinced me that my hope was in vain; yet I cried out, angrily, "You've got the child, Ned, you know, you have—don't torture me any longer?"

"Bell, what do you mean?"

"She's gone—Little Pearl. You stole her, Ned, to frighten me."

"No, on my soul, Bell."

"Then she's gone; God has granted my wish. Oh, my baby!"

I was rushing past him, but he caught and held me fast, commanding me to tell him all; and I did. And then his afterwords thrilled my soul with horror.

"The Indians! the Indians, boys!" he cried; "they must have stolen her—Come!"

They followed him without a word, and so did I. Over the spongy prairie mud, the chill wind and rain driving in our faces, through dense, dripping woods, down to the shore of the water. But we were too late. The last canoe was moored on the opposite shore. God had given me my wish. I had no baby.

Little Pearl could not be found, although our efforts were ceaseless. Her crib remained in its corner, with the impress of her head on its pillow; but the little laughing face that had looked up at us from the depths of the coverlets was gone forever. I had ample time to perform all my household duties then. There was no little quivering cry to detain me when I was busy; no clinging hands holding mine and keeping them idle. My wish had been granted.

The desolate, inconsolable sorrow of the days that followed, no tongue can portray—the tender longing, the sharp, stinging remorse. But we lived and worked, for life and labor must go on, no matter how sore and weary our hearts may be. At the end of five years, Ned looked round him on the ripe fruition of his most sanguine hopes. He had built him not only a home, but a name, in the new country. We had pleasant rooms, and luxuriant furniture, and birds, and flowers, and all the attributes that go to make up a happy home. All—did I say? Not all. We were childless. Little Pearl had never come back, and God had given us no other child to fill her place. But we desired no other, our grief for her loss being deeper and more sacred than any new love could ever have been.

Poor Ned! That forgotten sorrow, together with his arduous duties, made him an old man before his time; the silver threads were thick on his temples, and the furrows on his forehead deeply cut. When we went back on a visit to our old home, the friends of his youth did not recognize him. His life had lost its impelling aim and motive.

One night, in the great city, we were returning from the opera, when a voice startled us with,

"Please, sir, a penny to buy a loaf!"

It was midnight; the pavements were glazed with ice, and the countless stars overhead glittered in the cold blue sky like so many points of steel. I was dreaming of my home in the far west and longing for the hour of my return home. A strange feeling of tenderness bound me to the spot where I lost my Little Pearl. I could not bear to be away from it because of a foolish fear that she might come back and I not be there to welcome her.

The slender, pleading voice broke in upon my reverie, and glancing out of the carriage window, I saw a small, childlike figure, and a tiny hand, blue and cold.

"Stop the carriage, Ned; I shan't close my eyes to-night if we pass that child."

My husband started up from his half doze and obeyed me.

"What do you want?" he asked, kindly, bending over and taking the child's hand in his.

"A penny, please, sir, to buy a loaf for granny; she's sick."

Ned took a silver piece from his pocket, but I caught his arm before he had dropped it into the little, waiting hand. Something in the soft blue eyes, looking up so pleadingly in the winter starlight, thrilled my heart to its inmost core. I yearned to clasp the little shivering form to my breast, to stroke back the tangled, golden hair from the squallid, want-pinched face.

"Take her up, Ned," I entreated; "she will freeze if we leave her here. We can put her out whenever she likes."

And good natured Ned, who never denied me a thing in his life, complied.

Down dark and unfrequented streets into one of the lowest haunts of vice and poverty; then she guided us up a long flight of stairs into a cheerless attic. An old woman lay upon a heap of straw, her face wearing that cold, greyish hue which is the unmistakable precursor of death.

"Have you come?" she questioned, eagerly, as we entered; "gi' me the loaf."

The child ran to her side, and began to stroke back her gray hair.

"A good lady and gentleman's come," she lisped, softly.

"I'm glad yer come," she said, addressing Ned. "I'm goin', you see, and some one oughter look arter her," pointing to the child. "She's a good little thing; I've had her with me six years come next winter. She ain't mine, though. I got her from a squad o' Ingins, when my ole man run a flat-boat down the Mississippi. They'd stole her from some one, and brag her by our cabin, and she was sich a putty little thing that the ole man and me struck a trade for her. I allers kept her clothes, the ones she had on, in case her friends might know her, if they ever turned up—but they didn't; an' now I'm goin', she'll be left to herself. You might look arter her, madam, couldn't ye?"

"Where are the clothes she had on?" asked Ned and I, eagerly, and in the same breath.

She looked into my face inquiringly, and then pointed to an old trunk. Ned broke it open. There they were in a faded heap; the dainty embroidered slip, the tiny pinafore, and one crimson stocking. Its fellow lay in the bottom of my drawer in my far western home.

"Oh, Ned!" I cried, "she is Little Pearl!"

And so she was. We had found her at last, our baby, our darling.

Counterfeiting in the United States.

The peculiar circumstances under which our nationality was developed were favorable to the growth of inventive genius.—This is evinced in the wonderful strides we have made in almost all the labor-saving and mechanical arts. American inventions are in demand all over the world, and the highest personal honors that our citizens have yet received abroad are due to the fertility of our genius in this important particular. In fact, we are gradually achieving a reputation before the world of being a nation of inventors.

Let us beware that a few unprincipled men do not degrade this proud distinction by making us seem to be a nation of counterfeiters.

The ingenious and deserving men who create and introduce valuable inventions are public benefactors, and it is an outrage that the fruits of their labor should be so often stolen by unscrupulous imitators. The evil consequences of this species of rascality are not restricted to the inventors merely, but permeate every interest and department of society, and the men who are at the bottom of it are a stink in the nostrils of the body politic.

Thousands of dollars are annually filched from the pockets of our industrious and worthy citizens by the evil which we are endeavoring to expose. In fact, the sum total of losses sustained by the people through the cupidity of counterfeiters of coin and currency is an inconsiderable fraction in comparison with the amount of their contributions, unwittingly made, to the counterfeiters of various commodities.

As instances of what is here complained of, take the inventor of genuine Essence of Coffee, an article proved to be of great use and convenience to travelers on the Plains. No sooner is his article made known than the market becomes flooded with an endless variety of worthless imitations, all labeled "Essence of Coffee," although most of them are as innocent of even the slightest mixture of coffee as Satan is innocent of holiness.—Of course, the real inventor is injured, as the masses soon arrive at the conclusion that such a thing as genuine Essence of Coffee never had an existence at all. So, too, the man who puts up genuine ground spices soon finds that others are imitating his pure article by putting up a compound of corn meal with a little mustard, corn meal with a little ginger, corn meal with a little pepper, logwood with cayenne pepper, &c., until the whole catalogue of spices is one stupendous adulteration, and the ingredients employed are not always merely worthless, but absolutely poisonous and detrimental to health and life.—In short, there is hardly a single genuine article of value that has not some such homicidal attempts made upon its life by men without conscience, whose only aim seems to be to "put money in their purse," no matter how. Among the notorious imitations of this character that have recently been foisted upon the public, the most flagrant and unblushing is found in the attempt to flood the country with counterfeiters of "Spear's Anti-Dust Cook Stove," an article which our readers will remember we have frequently mentioned in the columns of this journal as possessing unusual merits, and being at once an honor to its ingenious inventor and an invaluable household convenience wherever it is introduced. But Mr. Spear is not permitted to reap the reward of his invaluable invention unmolested. Small imitators have arisen, and on the wings

of Mr. Spear's well-earned popularity are directing their ludicrous flight towards the summit of fortune. Beware of them, as their flight is as certain to end in disgrace as the stoves they have botched into shape, with a stolen trade-mark upon them, are certain to result in disappointment to all who may buy them. The latter are inferior to Mr. Spear's stoves in size, as they are inferior in every other quality.

A word as to this difference in size:—All stoves are sold by the size of the boiler holes on the top. Thus, for example, an eight-inch boiler hole is called an eight-inch stove, a nine-inch boiler hole a nine-inch stove, &c. But within the last two years, the trick has been resorted to by some manufacturers of putting an eight-inch boiler hole on a seven-inch stove; so that the body of the stove, although shown to be an eight-inch, is in reality under size. This fraud is in many cases practiced successfully, as not one woman in a million, or man either, can detect the deception by simple eye-measurement. The dealer applies his rule to the boiler hole; the latter is found to measure eight inches, and so the stove is proved to be an "eight-inch," when in reality it is very much smaller than the true "eight inch" size as sold by Mr. Spear. Of course, all the sizes are liable to this species of misrepresentation.

Mr. Spear's stove sifts its own ashes and makes no dust or dirt in a room; the counterfeit attempts to do the same thing, but, like all other counterfeiters (with cleanly housekeepers), it will not pass current. The counterfeit stove, instead of sifting its own ashes, dirties the floor of the kitchen, and gives the housekeeper double trouble; she wishes she had never seen it, and like the man who has a sick headache, after drinking a cup of the extract of coffee (counterfeit, of course), she exclaims, "humbug!" and seriously doubts if there be such a thing as "anti-dust" stoves at all. That the execrable imitation anti-dust stoves, which we are here exposing, are humbly, we readily admit, but they are no more like the genuine Spear article than bad cider is like good champagne.

What we would especially impress upon our readers is, that all genuine anti-dust stoves have the name of "Spear" cast upon them, and are only to be obtained, in Philadelphia, at the stove headquarters, Nos. 1116 and 1118 Market street. Mr. Spear, we are glad to learn, has established agencies for the sale of these celebrated stoves in nearly every town throughout the United States; but again we say, beware of the spurious humbly that are recommended in their stead, and avoid them as you would a plague. His imitators have stolen and appropriated his trade-mark, "Anti-dust," which is a frightful breach of all law and public decency, but as this name is the only thing about the counterfeit stoves that bears any resemblance to the genuine original, adventurers with a small organ of Conscience and a large bump of Imitation will hardly surrender it without a struggle. That these imitations should be offered and placarded at store doors on our business avenues, for no other purpose than to deceive people by inducing them to throw away their money on a miserable counterfeit, is positively disgraceful to the mercantile integrity of our city, and should be rebuked by all honest people as an insult.

Mr. Spear's Anti-dust Stove has a large oven, bakes bread evenly, while the counterfeit stoves have a small oven and either burn the bread on one side, or do not bake it at all. Mr. Spear's Anti-dust Stove consumes the gas, thereby saving fifty per cent. of fuel; the counterfeit does not burn the gas, consumes an extraordinary amount of fuel, and is in all respects an unmitigated humbug. We may here state that Mr. Spear is the inventor of the gas-burning principle as applied to cooking stoves, and his patent has been counterfeited by nearly every stove manufacturer in the United States. One honorable exception to this rule is the establishment, in Pittsburg, of Messrs. A. Bradley & Co., who purchased the Right of this patent; but there are thousands of cook stoves sold with the word "Gas-burners" on them that do not possess a single appliance requisite for the consumption of gas. A more shameful imposition can hardly be imagined. We are informed that a small concern in this city, some time since committed an infringement upon Mr. Spear's patent, and admitted the fact through their attorney, at the same time boasting that they owned more patents than any similar concern in the United States, and it is a well known fact that the concern referred to have, for the last two years, been extensively manufacturing an imitation of Mr. Spear's Anti-dust Cook Stove; and while they have not the temerity to cast Mr. Spear's trade-mark upon the stoves they manufacture, they have, nevertheless, the audacity to use it on their circulars for the purpose of assisting the sale of a spurious article. Undoubtedly, this wholesale unfairness is the very highest compliment to the merits of Mr. Spear's invention, as no one would be fool enough to counterfeit the bills of a bad bank.

The question will naturally arise, why does not Mr. Spear prosecute the people who are thus infringing upon his rights? We understand that this unskillful leniency

is about to terminate, and that Mr. Spear is going to commence suits forthwith against all infringers of his patent Anti-dust Cook Stove, as a matter of protection to himself and the public. Among needed enactments, there are none more necessary than a law that will adequately punish all classes of counterfeiters.

And now, as multitudes of our people will want new stoves during the coming fall, we would again caution them to beware of counterfeiters. The counterfeiters and dealers in counterfeit stoves will spare no pains to entrap the unwary. They, in fact, have gone so far as to furnish their customers with circulars containing Mr. Spear's trade mark, "Anti-dust Cooking Stove," in order to facilitate the sale of the counterfeit article.

We repeat, in conclusion, that the Spear Anti-Dust "Cook" and "Parlor" Stoves are the most desirable stoves in the world, and that the counterfeiters are comparatively worthless cheats; that none are genuine without the name of "Spear" upon them, and that the only place to obtain them in Philadelphia is at the Headquarters, Nos. 1116 and 1118 Market street, and that the genuine Spear article may be obtained by applying to the principal stove dealers in any of the towns or cities of the United States.

To stove dealers throughout the country the agency for the sale of these celebrated "Spear" stoves is an object worth securing. We throw out this suggestion as we learn that some openings of this character may yet be obtained by prompt application.—Philadelphia Press.

Spirit Rappings.

A correspondent of the Hollidaysburg *Phy*, writing from Huston township, Blair county, under date of August 26th, says:

"The people of our neighborhood have been for a week past very much excited by spiritual manifestations in a house at the Springfield Furnace Mine Bank. The inmates of the house are persons of integrity and good standing. An orphan girl—a member of the family, who was the special medium or victim of this phenomenon of spiritual communication, also bears a good character. The rappings always commenced about nine o'clock in the evening, and continued until after midnight. Before appearing each night, the medium experienced a chilliness beginning at her feet and extending upwards. Then a low tapping was heard over the floor, like some one walking, growing louder as it approached the girl, ending in loud knocks, like the stroke of a mallet. One moment, it was overhead, then under the floor, on the wall, &c. It would respond by distinct raps to every question. It was asked how long since Mr. Lincoln died, and the number of years was immediately given. So in regard to the lapse of years since Stephen A. Douglas died. A member of the family becoming vexed at the noise and confusion, remarked, 'I am not afraid of you, my trust is in God,' when there was such a succession of 'thundering knocks' that a portion of the plastering fell from the wall. People came from a distance to investigate the matter, believing it to be collusion or trickery, and went away firmly convinced that it was an intangible, unsubstantial spirit, and found that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in their philosophy.' The rappings continued one week. The girl had several convulsions, after which she sank into a partial trance and the noises were heard no more."

GEN. D. H. HILL, of the late Confederate army, has a high opinion of the military skill of Joshua, and thinks he displays a superiority over noted Generals of later times. He says: "Joshua, the successor of Moses, was distinguished by the favor of Heaven, and yet was one of the most renowned military leaders of his own or any other age. His strategy and maneuvering furnish an interesting study, at this day, to the student of military history. He will see that the mistake which Washington made at Germantown, in attempting to take Chew's house; which Greene made at Eutaw, in attempting to take the brick jail, Joshua did not make when the five Kings fled to their cave or stronghold at Makkedah. He did not turn aside from the great object, but gave orders: 'Stay ye not, but pursue after your enemies and smite the hindermost of them; suffer them not to enter their cities.' Had Jackson at New Orleans been familiar with the tactics of Joshua, he would have made his night attack of the 22d December just before day, and thus have anticipated the great victory of the 8th of January. Is it not strange that military men in modern times, with all the history and experience of ages before them, can discover no mistakes in the campaigns of Joshua, who marched and fought ages before Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Napoleon? Whence did he derive his strategy? Who taught him the art of war?"

—President Johnson, who has "filled all the offices in the gift of the people, from that of alderman up to that of President," has been elected an honorary member of the Mutual base ball club of New York city.